

I Burnt Your Clothes

Rowland S. Howard

I had no knife but myself,
It was me I cut but you bled as well
How could I help my dear sweet pretty one?
When I could not put down the gun.

And I don't know your name
Sweet baby Jane.

You'll find it unbelievable,
I left you in the hospital,
and you don't have a stitch to wear
'cos the doctors cut the clothes right off your back
and guess what I don't care
about who or what or when or where
and Heaven knows;
I burnt your clothes.

That's it, there's no road left to run.
I spilt myself 'til I had none.
I grew thorns upon your path,
They struck not at your feet but at your heart.

Still don't know your name,
Sweet baby Jane.

You'll find it unbelievable,
I left you in the hospital,
and you don't have a stitch to wear
'cos the doctors cut the clothes right off your back
and guess what I don't care
about who or what or when or where
and Heaven knows;
I burnt your clothes.

I howled outside your door,
I was the wolf but I'll return no more.
This life is black, and running through a
heart that's cursed, I lost the best,
but can I lose the worst?

I'll soon know your name,
Sweet baby Jane.

You'll find it unbelievable,
I left you in the hospital,
and you don't have a stitch to wear
'cos the doctors cut the clothes right off your back
and guess what I don't care
about who or what or when or where
and Heaven knows;
I burnt your clothes.

I burnt your clothes
burnt your clothes
I know your name
Sweet baby Jane.
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